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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c. during the years 1817, 18, 19, and 20. By Sir Robert Ker Porter. London, 1821. 4to.

This is one of those massive quartos which nothing but the interest of their subjects can recommend to general reading. It is absolutely a fearful business to sit down to seven hundred pages of letter-press; and one feels inclined on such occasions to act the child a little, and have a peep at the pictures, which are sorts of caravanserais to rest at, before he undertakes the long journey. In the present case we have been mainly cheered by the sight of these pictorial stages; for the designs, or rather to keep up the metaphor, the signs, are numerous, curious, and attractive, exhibiting good show of entertainment for man. Nor have we been disappointed in their promise. The work is excellently written; the countries traversed, replete with various matters formed in the highest degree to invite human observation; the author every way competent to the task of unfolding what is most worthy of note, and, whether to the antiquary, the artist, the scholar, the lover of nature, or the student of mankind, to present to them all that these vast regions afford peculiar to the inquiries and the tastes of each.

For ourselves we must say, that we have reaped great pleasure from this book. The friends of our literary labours are aware of the bent of our minds towards the class of subjects of which it principally treats. With Morier, Rich, Walpole, Von Hammer, Carmichael, Fitzclarence, Heude, Belzoni, and others, we have delighted, in our preceding volumes, to make our readers intimately acquainted. The soul, indeed, must be insensible to the grandest impressions, which could resist the annals of investigations carried on in the very cradle of ancient mythology, history, science, and arts; and we avow, that to us no writer can come with surer claims to regard, than one who has explored the earliest seats of our civilized species, the monuments, the ruins, the tombs, the last vestiges of the first nations of mankind. There has Sir Robert Porter been, and there he has not been in vain. An accomplished mind, the skill of an artist, and facilities of examination, were all in his favour; and he has produced what we consider to be a work of uncommon merit in almost every respect. The style is agreeable; the descriptions pictur-

esque; the engravings of portraits, costume, antiquities, &c. and the maps, are characteristic and faithful; and the anecdotes interspersed among the graver topics, so judicious as to render the whole deserving of the praise we have bestowed upon it. But having prefaced thus much, we shall proceed to our review.

Sir Robert Porter left Petersburg on the 6th of August (O. S.), 1817, and journeyed into Persia, by the route across the Cossack Steppes, and over the tremendous chain of Caucasus, to Tiflis,—nearly the same by which Mrs. Freygang (of whose affecting narrative we transferred the substance into our columns—Literary Gazette, for 1817, pages 325, 339.) performed her voyage, five years before. Their accounts coincide in every point; as does Sir Robert's with those of Tiflis, by a German Traveller, at page 92 of our Gazette for 1818. From these we derive an assurance of the general correctness of his statements.

Near Odessa, which, as is well known, is rising into vast importance, is Koblinka, the seat of General Kobly; and we may cite as an instance of Russian progress, that—

“His property in that neighbourhood is of considerable extent, and great value.—The soil produces abundance of corn, besides feeding multitudes of sheep, bred from the original Merinos. This latter speculation has been found highly profitable to the landholders in general, whose pastures every where around rivalled those of Koblinka; some having from twenty to thirty thousand sheep in their flocks, equal in form and wool to any of the species I ever saw in Spain. The breed is crossed by Moldavian ewes, but the fleece does not degenerate.

Another remarkable fact is related in the following, connected with the same improvements:

“A dock-yard has been established on the eastern shore of the Ingul, for building ships of war. One seventy-four, and one frigate, were on the stocks when I visited it. Indeed, an arsenal of this kind, and to be constantly at work too, is necessary to maintain a navy on these shores; for the Black Sea possesses a peculiarity more hostile to its fleets, than the guns of the most formidable enemy,—nothing more than a worm! But the progress of that worm is as certain and as swift as the running grains of an hour-glass. It preys on the ship's bottom, and when once it has established itself, nothing that has yet been discovered can stop its ravages. Even coppered vessels are ultimately rendered useless, when any small opening admits the perforation of this subtle little creature.

At Kherson, the tomb of the philanthropist Howard is dear to the eye and heart of an English traveller.

“The evening (says Sir R. Porter) was drawing to a close when I approached the hill, in the bosom of which the dust of my revered countryman reposes so far from his native land. No one that has not experienced ‘the heart of a stranger’ in a distant country, can imagine the feelings which sadden a man while standing on such a spot. It is well known that Howard fell a sacrifice to his humanity; having caught a contagious fever from some wretched prisoners at Kherson, to whose extreme need he was administering his charity and his consolations. Admiral Priestman, a worthy Briton, in the Russian service, who was his intimate friend, attended him in his last moments, and erected over his remains the monument, which is now a sort of shrine to all travellers, whether from Britain or foreign countries. It is an obelisk of whitish stone, sufficiently high to be conspicuous at several miles distance. The hill on which it stands, may be about three versts out of the direct road, and has a little village and piece of water at its base. The whole is six versts from Kherson, and forms a picturesque as well as interesting object. The evening having closed when I arrived at the tomb, I could not distinguish its inscription; but the name of Howard would be sufficient eulogy. At Kherson I learned that the present emperor has adopted the plans, which the great philanthropist formerly gave in to the then existing government, for ameliorating the state of the prisoners. Such is the only monument he would have desired, and it will commemorate his name for ever; while that of the founder of the pyramids is forgotten—so much more imperishable is the greatness of goodness, than the greatness of power!

It is hardly worth while to question the validity of this sentiment; but we are afraid that the greatness of power is at least as imperishable as the greatness of goodness—we hear more of the heroes than of the sages of antiquity; and if we are at a loss about Pausanias or Cheops, as the excavators of tombs, and builders of pyramids, we know nothing of any of their good contemporaries.

On his way, our countryman arrived at New Teherkask, the city of the illustrious Hetman, or more properly, Attaman, Platoff, from whom he experienced the same kind and cordial reception, given by that celebrated warrior to every native of Britain, augmented by the recommendation of previous acquaintance and regard for the Russian family of Scherbatoff, with which Sir R. is connected by marriage. We shall transcribe portions of the journal here.

“The master of the inn where I put up, told me the Attaman was at his summer residence, about two miles from the city, on the banks of the Axai. My wish was no

* See the Literary Gazette, for 1817, 18, 19, and 20, for reviews of the travels, and accounts of the researches of these authors.

sooner expressed, to join him there, than the worthy Cossack supplied me with a guide and a horse; and taking our course by a pleasant road, I soon reached the palace of my friend. It is a fine building, perfectly suitable in style and appendages to the high station of its brave inhabitant. A guard of Cossacks kept the gate; others with naked swords stood at the great door of entrance; while officers in waiting, orderlies, and every other degree of princely and military state, occupied the passages and anti-rooms.

"I did not delay being conducted to the Attaman's presence; and words cannot express the hospitable greeting of the kind old man. He embraced me, and repeatedly congratulated himself on the event, whatever they might have been, which had induced me to change my route to that of his territory. When he could spare me to proceed, he said, he would pledge himself that I should have every facility in his power to bring me to Tiflis in safety. The police-officer of Tcherkask being in the room, was ordered to provide me suitable quarters in the town; but the Attaman's table was to be mine, and he commanded an equipage to be placed entirely at my disposal. I urged that my stay must be short; but he would not bear of my leaving him till I had shared with him the honour of a visit he was then expecting from his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael. Anxious as I was to lose no time in crossing the Caucasus, I could not withstand persuasions flowing from a heart so kindly to myself, and grateful to my country. He expressed, in the most enthusiastic language, his sense of the attentions bestowed on him by all ranks of persons during his stay in England in the year 1814; he said, that, independent of private respect for individuals, he must always consider himself fortunate when circumstances brought any Englishman into the Donskoy country, to whom he might evince his gratitude."

"The hour of dinner, in this country, is generally two o'clock; but Count Platoff always dined at five, or sometimes a little later. The manner of serving the repast differs in nothing from the style at Moscow, excepting that more wine is drank. The wines most in use, came from the Greek islands; yet his excellency boasts his own red and white champagnes of the Don, which, when old, are hardly inferior to the wines of that name in France. I drank at the Attaman's table another sort of red wine, as excellent as any from Bourdeaux. It is made by a family of Germans, whom his excellency brought from the Rhine. And, from these specimens, I have little doubt that were the like culture of the grape, and similar treatment of the juice when pressed from the fruit, pursued throughout the country, the Donskoy vineyards would produce wines that might rival, not only those of Greece, but of France and Germany."

"Game is abundant here, and of the most delicious sort; particularly bustards, pheasants, partridges, &c., &c. Fish, too, is in equal plenty; and, as a luxury, sturgeon

holds an eminent place. Indeed good cheer of all kinds is procured at a very moderate expense; and, if I may be allowed to judge, by the liberal examples I saw, the bounties of Nature are neither neglected, nor churlishly appropriated, by the natives of the Don."

The entertainment given to Prince Michael are detailed in an agreeable manner; but like Mazeppa's horse, we must on over the Steppe, and quote the author's first view of Caucasus, as a fair example of the picturesque and happy style in which he treats the beauties and grandeur of nature.

"On quitting Zergifskoy, we mounted the height, and continued travelling over a country similar to that we had passed the preceding day. We hoped to gain the town of Alexandroff before night, but were disappointed, and obliged to halt at the village of Severnals, finding it impossible to proceed on so dangerous a road after dusk. We set off, however, by times in the morning; and, after traversing a rather uneven country, at the distance of eight or ten wersts from our last lodgings, reached the brow of a very steep hill; from whence, for the first time, I beheld the stupendous mountains of Caucasus. No pen can express the emotion which the sudden burst of this sublime range excited in my mind. I had seen almost all the wildest and most gigantic chains in Portugal and Spain, but none gave me an idea of the vastness and grandeur of that I now contemplated. This seemed nature's bulwark between the nations of Europe and of Asia. Elborus, amongst whose rocks tradition reports Prometheus to have been chained, stood, clad in primeval snows, a world of mountains in itself, towering above all, its white and radiant summits mingling with the heavens; while the pale and countless heads of the subordinate range, high in themselves, but far beneath its altitude, stretched along the horizon, till lost to sight in the soft fleeces of the clouds. Several rough and huge masses of black rock rose from the intermediate plain: their size was mountainous; but being viewed near the mighty Caucasus, and compared with them, they appeared little more than hills; yet the contrast was fine, their dark brows giving greater effect to the dazzling summits which towered above them. Poets hardly feign, when they talk of the genius of a place. I know not who could behold Caucasus, and not feel the spirit of its sublime solitudes awing his soul."

This is genuine and artist like—equally remote from the affectation of fine writing and want of proper feeling. Further on we are told—"A Scotch colony of missionaries have established themselves in the neighbourhood of Konstantinogorsk; but it may be regarded as an agricultural society, rather than a theological college, their efforts in spreading religious instruction amongst the infidel mountaineers having hitherto failed of success; the few whom they have converted to Christianity, being generally murdered by their countrymen, as soon as they fell into their hands. To protect the colony itself from the plundering infidels, a certain number of Russian troops are always stationed there."

Our traveller having joined a convoy, proceeded over the mountain passes towards Tiflis. He gives an interesting account of the Caucasian tribes of Tartars, especially of the Tchetchinzi, a plundering and barbarous set of robbers. "The men are stout and robust in their persons, with fine countenances and dark complexions. The women are not to be described, being kept so close, as not to be seen by strangers, even of their own tribe." Of their habits, an idea may be formed from the following relation of what prevented the author from seeing the Russian General Pozzo.

"The convoy, and my fellow-travellers set forth again, early in the morning of October 3d (O. S.), the day after we arrived; but it was under so heavy a rain, that I thought less of my imprudence in having decided to remain behind them. At noon the weather began to clear, and almost at the same instant a courier appeared from the general, to inform the officer at the fort, that his excellency's arrival there was uncertain; he being detained at the new redoubt, negotiating with a party of the Tchetchinzi, for the recovery of an unfortunate European lady, who had become their prisoner. The circumstances of her captivity were particularly distressing. Her husband, who was a Cossack officer, had left Kiars for this mountain journey, accompanied by his wife and a single servant, without any escort whatever. The too probable consequences of his rashness followed; he was attacked by a party of these brigands. His coachman and his servant were murdered; and, before the officer had time for any defence, the robbers fired into the carriage, and killed him by the side of his wife. They then plundered the equipage, leaving the dead bodies on the scene of murder, and carried the wretched lady into the mountains, where they sold her to a chief going further into the interior. From the unsuspected sources of communication which General del Pozzo has amongst these people, he soon arrived at the knowledge of who were the actors in this horrid tragedy; and with admirable address, lost no time in possessing himself of their persons. He now holds them as hostages for the safety of the lady, and proclaims his intention to detain them till she is repurchased, and brought, unharmed, to his protection. This happy result of his humane exertions he expects daily to arrive; but, meanwhile, does not deem it proper to stir from the redoubt till she really shall appear; and so exchange the most horrible servitude, for those respectful consolations which every humane mind would be solicitous to administer to her wretched state. This poor lady's calamity is one instance out of many, of the barbarity with which these hereditary plunderers maltreat their unfortunate captives; and, indeed, the stories we are daily told, of the refined, or rather savage cruelties, practised on the defenceless human creatures who fall in their way, are enough to shake the resolution of any young traveller commencing a journey through so perilous a country."

The relics of Makett, the ancient capital

of Georgia, are briefly noticed. Among them was shown (says our text) "the place where the great and unfortunate Heraclius, the last king of Georgia reposes, with his sons, from all the troubles of his reign;—sleeps at rest, unconscious that the foot of a foreign sentinel treads and retreads the earth near his grave!"

"The good father who accompanied me, mentioned, as other objects usually interesting to travellers, several holy relics. Those of the greatest note he named, were the vest of our Saviour, and part of the mantle of Elias. The first, for many years back, had been consigned to the safe-keeping of a finely wrought shrine, within the precincts of the high altar; and the latter, with other treasures of similar character, could not be shown to me, the archimandrite being absent, to whose charge the relics were committed."

Tiflis is 2627 wersts from Petersburg (two English miles are about three Russian wersts); and at Tiflis the convey arrived in safety. As we shall not in our present number go farther into the bowels of the land of Persia, our remaining selections will refer to the most novel and prominent features of this city, as they are sketched by the author. The following is a singular description of the female baths, and we may well observe upon it, that travellers see strange sights.

"I was urged (says Sir R.) by the gentleman who accompanied me, to try if we could not get a glimpse into the baths dedicated to the fair sex. The attempt seemed wild; but, to please him, I turned towards the building, and, to our astonishment, found no difficulty in entering. An old woman was standing at the door; and she, without the least scruple, not only showed us the way, but played our sybil the whole while. In one of the bathing-rooms nearest to the door we found a great number of naked children, of different infantine ages, immersed in a circular bath in the middle of the chamber, where their mothers were occupied in washing and rubbing them. The forms of children are always lovely; and, altogether, there being a regularity, and its consequent cleanliness, attending the adjustment of their little persons, we looked on, without receiving any of those disagreeable impressions which had disgusted us in the baths of their fathers. Passing through this apartment, without any remark of surprise or displeasure from the mothers of the children, we entered a much larger chamber, well lighted, and higher vaulted in the roof. No water was seen here; but a stone divan, spread with carpets and mattresses, was placed round the room, and on it lay, or sat, women in every attitude and occupation consequent on an Asiatic bath. Some were half-dressed, and others hardly had a covering. They were attended by servants, employed in rubbing the fair forms of these ladies with dry cloths, or dyeing their hair and eye-brows, or finally painting, or rather enamelling, their faces. On quitting this apartment (which we did as easily as we entered it, without creating the least alarm or astonishment at our audacity), we passed into the place whence they had just

emerged from the water. Here we found a vast cavern-like chamber, gloomily lighted, and smelling most potently of sulphuric evaporation, which ascended from nearly twenty deep excavations. Through these filmy vapours, wreathing like smoke over the surface of a boiling cauldron, we could distinguish the figures of women, in every posture, perhaps, which the fancy of man could devise for the sculpture of bathing goddesses. But, I confess, we were as much shocked as surprised, at the unblushing coolness with which the Georgian Venuses continued their ablutions, after they had observed our entrance; they seemed to have as little modest covering on their minds, as on their bodies; and the whole scene became so unpleasant, that, declining our conductress's offer to show us farther, we made good our retreat, fully satisfied with the extent of our gratified curiosity.

"Persons who bathe for health do not remain longer than a few minutes, or whatever time may be prescribed, in the water, but when the bath is taken for pleasure, these people are so fond of it, that, like the Turks in the case of opium, they prolong its application to such an extent, as ultimately to be equally injurious to their strength and personal appearance. Some pass many hours every day in this debilitating atmosphere, independent of one whole day in each week; great part of which, however, is spared from the water, to be spent in making up their faces, blackening the hair, eye-brows, and eye-lashes, so as to render only occasional repairs necessary during the ensuing week. Thus occupied in the vaulted room, these Eastern goddesses, growing in renewed beauty under the hands of their attendant graces, meet each other in social conference; discussing family anecdotes, or little scandals of their acquaintance; and, not unfrequently, laying as entertaining grounds of retaliation, by the arrangement of some little intrigue of their own. For, I am told, there are days in the week when any lady may engage the bath for herself alone, or with any other party she may choose to introduce as her companion. The good dame who was our conductress, I understand, is never backward in preparing such accommodation."

Sir R. traces much of this laxity of morals to intercourse with the Russian military, and states that—

"Amongst the lower orders in Tiflis, the effect of European companionship has been yet more decided. Owing to the numbers of Russian soldiers, who, from time to time, have been quartered in their houses, the customary lines of separation in those houses could no longer be preserved; and their owners were obliged to submit to the necessity of their wives being seen by their stranger guests. The morals of a soldier, with regard to women, are seldom rigid; and these gentlemen, not making an exception to the rule, made the best of the opportunities afforded them by the occasional absence of the husbands, to eradicate all remains of female reserve, and its sacred domestic consequences, from the characters of their ignorant, but pretty wives."

From the bath to the oven is no inconsistent transition, and we beg our readers to cross with us and our authority to the bakers.

"While passing along, my attention was arrested at a baker's shop, by the singular way in which the owner was forming and baking his bread. He first rolled it out, to the length and breadth of a common chamber-towel, and not much thicker; then taking it up over the palms of his hands, threw it with admirable dexterity against the side of the oven, where it stuck. The wall of the oven being kept continually hot, by a constant supply of burning wood beneath, in a couple of minutes the cake was baked, and removed by the point of a stick. This kind of bread is in use over most part of Asia, and serves, not merely as food, but for plate and napkin during the whole meal."

(To be continued.)

Sketches of Manners, Scenery, &c. in the French Provinces, &c. &c. London, 1821. 8vo. pp.

This is a posthumous work, from the pen of Mr. John Scott, whose unfortunate death in a duel has recently excited so much notice. Even were it very obnoxious to criticism, the circumstances under which it is published would disarm judgment of its severity; but it is, though a slight and unfinished performance, in reality one which does no discredit to the memory of the writer, whose *Visit to Paris* was so favourably received by the Public. In his descriptions of manners, he is observing, judicious, and lively. We could wish, indeed, that some of his touches were more refined, for it is by no means necessary to accuracy that we should have such grossly distinct statements as appear at pages 86, 63, and 76. In other respects the book is blameless. Those parts which have received their completing corrections, are well written and pleasing; and the loose memoranda, which were to have been the ova of more connected details, are, to say the least, interesting.

Mr. Scott sets out with a short view of Jersey, whence he entered France by St. Maloes. Up the Rance to Dinan, and from Dinan to Rennes, he pursues his course and his remarks; neither, however, offering much of novelty. But what he does observe, is cleverly done, as for example:—

"At the aforementioned village, [Chauvigny] it seemed but too likely that we should procure nothing comfortable. But here we had a proof how well the French can make much out of little. A very small quantity of broth, which looked as if it had been saved from some feast of yesterday, was put on the fire, and to it were added a bit of cold boiled veal, a bit of previously dressed pork, and a remainder morsel of beef. A stew, which also seemed a remnant, was taken from a dish to be warmed up; and a little bit of veal was put down to roast. In Brittany, unlike the greater part of France, they roast extremely well. We had roast meat every day, as well cooked as we could have had it in England. In the

sequel the dinner-table was set out with ample variety and due regard to appearances, though there was not a good dish upon it in point of quantity. The national taste for variety was however fully consulted. There were the soup and bouilli, the fricandeaux and the roti; and afterwards the ceremony of the dessert was gone through with some stale cakes, and a few cherries.

"The French bates nothing of externals in any situation. They have dinner arranged at the tables of the rich, and in the first hotels, according to the forms described; it follows also that the same sumptuous forms must be observed down to an hedge ale-house; the substantial merits of a dinner being abated at every stage, that the external magnificence may be wholly kept up. Gentlemen address each other with Monsieur, and therefore the postillions, carter, and peasants, do the same. In the Paris paper devoted to advertisements I saw a cook-maid's application for a place in a kitchen; and those in need of one so qualified, were told to correspond with 'the young lady, Adele.' In England, at such a place as Chaussée, the landlady of the inn would have put down but one dish of a homely kind, entreating her guests to excuse her humble fare; in France they never ask you to excuse any thing, but are always giving you occasion to accuse if you will."

From Rennes our traveller went to Laval and Vitré; of the castle, at the latter of which places, he draws an affecting picture.

"We went to see the fine castle of Vitré. It is in ruins, the rooms having been destroyed in the revolution; but the walls and towers are magnificent. Its ditch is large and deep; it stands upon an elevation of rock, and looks down upon the lower town from a great height; while the view it affords of the country is highly beautiful. The elegant *salon* had been entered by a flight of stairs. There was a large and fine suit of rooms below the level of the castle-yard, with windows looking out upon the lower town; the stairs to the *salon* were destroyed; its gilded walls were blackened with fire; the beams that supported its floor had tumbled into the rooms below, or hung over them in a broken and threatening state. Even the towers of stupendous strength had suffered. The walls they could not hurt; but the stone floors were broken in, and fire had been used here; so that the undertaking of ascending to the top of these grand buildings, was attended with considerable danger. The yard of the castle bears the most imposing look of antiquity. It has the profound draw-well, the arched gateway, the watch-tower—all in the finest old style. The Prussians had bivouacked here, and occupied the few lower apartments that are still defended from the weather. An old woman resides in a small porter's lodge, close to the draw-bridge, who shews the ruin to strangers. She was moved to tears when she described the pile in its pride and splendour, which she had seen. She was on the establishment of the castle in her youth, and recounted the horrors of its fall with strong emotion. The

destroyed rooms were converted into a revolutionary prison; and the kitchen was destined for those condemned to die. Some of the unfortunate family to whom it belonged, were here held in captivity; and from hence were taken to the place of death. While our guide was describing these things, she spoke in a solemn whisper, as if surrounded by the state of past days, and overheard by the spirits of her murdered masters. In one strong room, near the outer gate, the police confined a mischievous madman; and his howling execrations, directed against the visitors, whom he heard near him, mingled themselves with the old woman's sad story, delivered in a low tone of voice, thus producing an indescribably awful effect. It brought the contrast between the present and the past with almost overpowering force on our feelings. We left the place, very much struck with what we had seen and listened to. Among other things, we were told, that some part of the family, now re-established at Paris, was suspected to have lately visited the ruins of the superb possession, *incognito*. They walked through the decayed *salons*, and stumbled over the fragments of their glory, with looks of melancholy grief; and, on going away, a young man gave a handsome donation to the aged portress. She has since had good reason to believe, that this was the lord whose infancy she had nursed. She wept bitterly as she told us this; and declared she would have died consoled for all the past if she had but known him, and could have kissed his hand."

Journeying onward we came to Angers, near which the following odd erection is found:

"The country still continued thickly wooded, and we passed through a large forest. At the entrance of this large galloves was erected, and on the beam were nailed the carcasses and skeletons of wolves, foxes, and other animals of prey. An inscription was placed over this fearful exhibition, which stated, that it was to deter the wicked, by a display of the miserable consequences that follow robbery and murder. 'Therefore, oh, ye sanguinary wolves, ye knavish foxes, and predatory vermin, beware, for thus does your sovereign lord, man, reward your guilty deeds!' The childishness of this may give an idea of the fanciful, trifling cast of the minds of the French. This board was put up by the proper authorities—by order of the prefect, perhaps. What should we think of a mayor in England, who had conceived, and caused to be executed, so elaborate a composition?"

At the capital of Anjou itself, though so famous in dramatic story, little occurs worth mentioning, and we shall only quote a brief passage relative to the arts.

"The museum of pictures in Angers is respectable, but not remarkable. Their best paintings are of the Flemish school. They have also one or two good Claudes, an excellent Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some doubtful pictures, said to be by Raphael, Correggio, Titian, &c. The pictures by Frenchmen are among the best I have seen

of that class, and altogether the collection may be described as exceedingly valuable for the purposes of young painters."

Mr. Scott and his companions took an unusual way of going from Angers to Tours, for they determined on a voyage up the Loire. The particulars of this excursion are picturesque and amusing, and its difficulties, conquered by patience, are related with characteristic spirit. Here (*viz.* page 166) what may be called the regular MS. terminates, a hiatus is made; and the next page opens at Calais, in November 1818. We have so frequently to take this road, that we could derive little new from it for our readers, whom we shall therefore transport, as if in a balloon, to Paris, and from Paris to Besançon, the Simplon, and so by the Domo d'Ossola, into Italy. We do not mean to say, that there are not many traits of character in the pages devoted to this route, but they stand better in the diary of the traveller than they could do in the Literary Gazette. A residence of ten days at Milan furnishes matter for many observations, chiefly obtained from others, and not of a personal nature. Among Mr. Scott's principal informants is his Italian master, and we select two extracts illustrative of a very important subject, the state, or rather the want of religion, in Italy.

"My Italian master told me that, throughout all Italy, people of good society (*bon ton*) are totally without religion, particularly at Rome. This is the necessary consequence of the Catholic religion, which the author of the work on the Social Institutions of the present day would have every where exchanged for Protestantism.

"He also observed that great attention was paid here to all productions of England, and to all her measures; this corresponds with what I observe in print-shops and among booksellers; what a fine occasion to have taken noble advantage of! But the impression is not that of satisfaction with our conduct; we have rather disappointed hopes, and our travellers have not raised the reputation of our country."

"SUNDAY, 20th.—After my eighth lesson in Italian, I went to the church of Ste. Fidèle, which is of a beautifully simple construction; and afterwards to that of Santa Maria della Passione, rich in pictures. Here I saw a number of young females, all dressed in black, whom a rich lady of Milan, named Arresi, has rescued from the entrance on evil paths, and whom she supports comfortably, that they may either become *religieuses*, or be married, if eligible opportunities offer. In the latter case, the patroness gives a dowry. The ladies of the town also assist her in general charity, as she is well known for her compassionate disposition. I also saw young orphan girls under the same patronage; and was told that a number of rich females in Milan distribute large sums in charity. The lady Arresi has a fortune of above 20,000*l.* a year, which is considered very great. I then went to the church of Santa Maria del Carmine, famous for its good music. I here observed that the poor people, who had like my valet do

place) almost lost the sense of religion in the new light of the period, were yet most careful, at particular parts of the service, to perform the prescribed signs of the cross and the genuflections: it belongs to their habits to observe with respect, as to form, the regulations of authority in religion, as well as in every thing else. The people, *comme il faut*, slightly touched their chair with their knees, in an inclining posture; but the people in rags and coarse cloth went down on their knees on the pavement."

The dispute between the Romantics and the Classics in the drama, is too little touched upon, though we dare say it would have been prominent in any matured publication: the following is all we can find upon it.

"For three or four years past," said my Italian master, "they have made a terrible noise in Italy with their quarrels between the romantics and the classics. Your poet, Lord Byron, who has written pieces in fragments to give them an air of antiquity, has been translated by Leoni and others, and read with avidity. Shakspeare has been translated, and at all the horrors, and gloomy passages, and murders, the people applaud rapturously." Petzi, the editor of the *Journal of Milan*, wrote a good paper on this subject, in which he gave it as his opinion, that a people should not be accustomed to contemplate such barbarities; it tended to render them barbarous.

The picture of our tour-performing country-folks is more home.

"MONDAY, 21st.—The Signor dined with me. He regretted that he found the English mistrustful in regard to expences. I endeavoured to explain to him how it was: I observed that the expansion of knowledge, and the activity of opinion, had sent every body abroad; formerly our only tourists were a few lords; now, persons of all classes travel. Many of these people are very good in their way, but better at home than abroad. They do great harm to national character. It is fit they should be told this: perhaps there is a disposition to overcharge a little—but a little—and when an Englishman, without knowing the language, without address, without manners, blunders and hammers about price, he reduces himself to the level of a native, yet has not the advantages of a native in such an affair. The worst of it is, also, that many play the *grand*, and yet are stingily economical. If a class, travelling only with reference to the fine arts, the sciences, the literature, &c. would say to the people, 'We are not *milordi*; we are in another class—the class of savans,' there would be a general disposition to receive them well, and to aid them in studying economy; for on the continent, at present, this class is well understood, and respected; but there is another class, who, without declaring who they are—without having the tastes or the accomplishments of the other—and having all the cold pride, and imbecile, silent pretension of rich men, yet hammer, and stammer, and barter, by means of *laquis de place*. The people do not understand this class. Why are they here? say they. These people are very good in their own country;

they have their uses, and are well adapted to take their part in our social edifice, but very ill adapted to go abroad; they should stay at home."

The same topic is further dwelt upon in other places, as will appear from the annexed examples, which are of necessity desultory being taken from unconnected memoranda, suggested by various scenes and situations in Italy, and merely inserted to exemplify the materials of which, had the author lived, he would have composed his work.

"Going past the door of the church, I heard a priest's voice declaiming with most sonorous force. On entering, I saw the commanding fine figure of a sturdy capucin, with a rope round his middle, sandals on his feet, naked above, and placed not, as is usual, in a pulpit, but on a stage, with an elegant chair behind, his whole body from the head to the feet exposed, and his action, thus becoming more commanding than it can possibly be when only half the person appears out of a round tub, which pulpits in general are. This was the first instance of this stage-preaching which I had seen in Italy; but the effect was so fine, that I am surprised it is not more general. According to custom, there was a crucifix by the side of the orator, and his action of hand was with more force than respect directed towards the effigy. He seemed to know that his hearers, gaunt women, with flat linen cloth on their heads, and wild looking men from the Apennines, and from the long pestilential flat between the town and sea, probably forming the brigand population of this singular country, required strong doses; his eloquence was of the unflinching kind; his object seemed to be, to shake their souls as one would shake a phial, without stopping to look if it were all right. His congregation was numerous and most attentive."

"In the Hermit's Album of Mount Vesuvius, I observed that the Germans were the longest, the French the most particular in regard to their own conduct at the crater; and the English divided between the simple inscriptions of their names, and of coarse jokes. The Americans were mean. One of our countrymen recorded, that he had made his way with great trouble to the top of Vesuvius, and found it was a burning mountain! After a list of some English names, to which was added 'have all been here to visit Vesuvius,' was added, in another hand, 'and Henry Bushe has been here too.'"

"The inscriptions in the hermitage of Vesuvius, as well as the book at the priest's, and the various albums, &c. all along the roads, prove that while England is the great fountain of travellers, Germany shares largely with her, and also Russia. The Russians, or the Muscovites, as the Italians call them, in particular, are said to be very munificent travellers. The Germans rate under the English, who generally now rate under the Russians. Of the French, though a number of their names and inscriptions are found, they are evidently inferior in number and consideration to the other nations above-mentioned. They seem more soldiers or

commercial travellers, who go to see Vesuvius amongst other things, and write sentences in albums, distinguished by their impertinence."

Such are the Remains of the ill-starred John Scott: whose mind seems to have been well attuned to better feelings than those which led to his melancholy death.

LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.—PART I.

This new work is in the fashion of the *Percy Anecdotes*, a very neat little half-crown volume. It purports to be by "The Society of Ancient Scots, re-established A.D. 1770," but we fancy that no such body ever existed, and consequently, could never be re-established. It is, however, of little consequence who are the editors, if the thing be well done; and it may be fairly stated that this first part is a very agreeable sample. It contains sketches of James the 1st of Scotland, Thomas the Rhymer, Barbour, Wynthoun, Gavin Douglas, Allan Ramsay, W. Meston, John Home, Beattie, and Burns.

We shall not go further into this subject than to signify our general approbation of its plan and execution. Two extracts will shew that it possesses in some instances original merit. The following occurs in the biography of Ramsay.

"In 1724, he published the first volume of the *Tea Table Miscellany*, a collection of songs, Scottish and English, which was speedily followed by a second and third, under the same title. The publication acquired him more profit than lasting fame. It went through no less than twelve editions in a few years. The want of taste and fidelity which it displays has, however, deprived it of all estimation in later times. Ramsay lived at a period when a great many of the old Scottish words, to the most admired of our native airs, were still floating on the memories of the people; and, by a very little industry and research, they might have been rescued from the oblivion which has since swept them for ever from our grasp. But, instead of bestowing any thought on the importance of such an undertaking—important in a historical point of view, as giving perpetuity to so many monuments of change in the character of the people, and equally so in a poetical one, as preserving that native freshness and individuality which no modern imitation can expect to rival—Ramsay made it his boast to give new words to every old air he could meet with! 'My being well assured,' he says, in his Preface to the *Miscellany*, 'how acceptable new words to known good tunes would prove, engaged me to the making of verses for above sixty of them in this (the first) and the second volume (both of which consist almost entirely of Scottish songs); about thirty more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen.' How mortifying to reflect, but that for these ninety substitutions by Ramsay and his 'ingenious young gentlemen,' very few of them worth preserving. (for Ramsay, however great in other respects, was but a poor song writer,) we have, in all probability, lost as many of

those genuine effusions which made the minstrels of the 'north country' so celebrated in former times."

Upon one of these, "Bonie Nannie," we have the following interesting note:—

"The 'new words,' by Ramsay, to this air, present a characteristic example of what has been gained by modern adaptation. They are too vulgar to be repeated, and could only have been popular among such a knot of 'ingenious young gentlemen,' as embellished the Tea-Table Miscellany. The original words which, notwithstanding Ramsay's neglect, are fortunately not lost, are simple and touching enough. I am indebted for the following copy of them to a member of the society, who procured them from John Mayne, Esq. author of the 'Siller Gun,' 'Glasgow,' and other poems, whose words to the air of 'Logan Water,' shew, that of all modern bards, he is among the last who is likely to do injury to his recollections of the songs familiar to his infancy. 'I believe them,' says Mr. Mayne, speaking of this copy of verses, 'to be the very words that gave birth; or were first adapted, to that beautiful air, with the exception of the first four lines of the third stanza, which are mine. I never heard the others but in my father's family, and there, at first, in infancy.' On more particular inquiry, I find, that the lines are traced back in Mr. M.'s family, to a period quite as remote as the MS. quoted by Leyden.

"Original words to the Scotch Air of 'My Nanny, O'—Never before printed.

As I can in by Embro' town,
By the back o' the bonny city, O!
I heard a young man mak his moan,
And, O! it was a pity, O!
For aye, he cried, his Nanny, O!
His handsome, charming Nanny, O!
Nor friend, nor foe, can tell, oh!
How dearly I loo Nanny, O!
Father, your counsel I won'd take,
But ye maun not be angry, O!
I'd rather ha' my Nanny, but a plack,
Than the laird's daughter and her hundred mark!
My bonny, bonny Nanny, O!
My handsome, charming Nanny, O!
Nor friend, nor foe, can tell, oh!
How dearly I loo Nanny, O!
Then dinna mock our want o' gear,
Nor lightlily my Nanny, O!
For Heaven will smile on aye see dear,
With a' that's gude and canny, O!
My bonny, bonny Nanny, O!
My handsome, charming Nanny, O!
Come! we'll come to the world shall
won't know's word,
How dearly I loo Nanny, O!

"Burns has also supplied us with a set of words to this tune; but, though not among his worst effusions, they are much inferior to this original version."

DIIDIN'S BIBLIOMANIACAL TOUR.

[Second Volume.]

Agreeably to our announced intention, we resume the notice of Mr. Diidin's Tour, and shall endeavour to do justice to the second volume in our present Number. On

its characteristics, we need not dwell, for they are similar to those of its precursor; and it is equally disfigured with the slang and trumpery of bibliomania. To use a favourite expression of the author's, it is *rubbiashy*; and rendered as trifling by the affectation of words, such as *colophonize*, &c., as it is absurd from the overheated phraseology and raptures, when any singular volumes are mentioned. Surely, we agree with a great authority, old books are excellent things. But it is very moonshine madness to fall into extatic ravings about their clasps and coverings. These may be justly valued as curious specimens of early art, but it is really quite sickening to read pages of rhapsody about them in the Diidin style.

As Fawcett's song says—

Learned men, now and then,
Have their very odd vagaries;

and truly, those of our traveller seem calculated to bring the fraternity of which he is a member into a degree of contempt which the sensible, literary, useful, and interesting nature of many of their pursuits does not deserve.

The beginning of the volume under consideration is pretty much made up like the end of the 1st. The most trite of quotations from old writers, and the most commonplace of modern ballads, are stuffed into the page. Mr. Diidin is fond of long extracts from what he calls, *chap books*, (i. e. two-penny and halfpenny ephemeral publications); and indulging in this predilection, seems too often to forget that what cost him pence, costs his readers pounds—in this way at least, Bibliomania will not be injurious to fortune! His account of his journey from Vire to Falaise is absolutely penned as if under the too potent effects of the French vintage; and, but that we know this could not be the case, we should have fancied the tone was that of inebriation, whereas it is only that of black letter excitement disproportioned to its causes and objects. At Falaise, the birth place of William the Conqueror, there are several interesting antiquities. Mr. D. has a fling at Cotman for his architectural drawings, and treats us himself with (of course) a better executed capital, as well as with a head of the Conqueror from the house of an Aubergiste in the Place St. Gervais, which does not, however, appear to be authentic. At Falaise, a rather extraordinary adventure befel our author, of which he has not made so much in his way of telling the story as he has done on other occasions. He met a priest named Langevin, who, he says, "on my recognizing a Colindale and Henry Stephen, ere he had read the title [titles] of the volumes, seemed to marvel exceedingly, and gaze at me as a conjurer." People may gain something by going into a foreign country, and Bibliomaniacs, like prophets, are not honoured at home. It would have been long before such an accident had happened to Mr. D. in London, if we may judge of his conjuring endowments from this work.

Falaise is extremely loyal, and among his *chap selections*, the author picks up the fol-

lowing clever piece, sung by a lad of fourteen in the streets—

SAUVE QUI PEUT,

OU LES CAMPAGNES MEMORABLES.

AIR : On s'aime bien que la première fois.

D'un conquérant cher, bien cher à la France,
Je viens ici célébrer les exploits,
Dire comment sa prudence, vaillance,
L'a du péril sauvé jusqu'à six fois.

Près de Memphis porté par son courage,
Il fut vainqueur presque durant un mois,
Puis ses lauriers reçurent quelquel outrage,
Il se sauva... pour la première fois.

Aux champs fleuris de l'antique Ibérie
Il va porter ses armes et ses loix;
Forcé bientôt de quitter la patrie,
Il se sauva... pour la deuxième fois.

Son aigle aigreuse, au carnage animée,
Vole embraser les villes et les bois;
Mais l'Aquilon dévorant son armée,
Il se sauva... pour la troisième fois.

Chez les Saxons, il poursuit la victoire;
Elle étoit prête à courir à sa voix;
Un pont s'écroule; hélas! Adieu la gloire,
Il se sauva... pour la quatrième fois.

Vers la Belgique un matin il s'avance;
Le soir a vu terminer ses exploits,
Et le héros, guidé par sa prudence,
Se sauve encore... pour la cinquième fois.

Paris entier, ravi de sa vaillance,
Pour l'applaudir n'eut vraiment qu'une voix;
Ce jour enfin, il a sauvé la France,
En se sauvant... pour la dernière fois.

Having finished his quotations, Mr. D. next amuses us with a very picturesque description of himself in a printing-office: we are surprised and vexed that Mr. Lewis has not made a print of it, for we are sure it must have been more ludicrous, and more likely to please, than even the best in these three volumes. However, we must be content with the literary sketch. The author had paid a visit to Mr. Brée, the king's printer at Falaise, and happened to commend the inscription of "God save the king" upon the walls of his work-shop. Upon this the printer takes his cue, and the scena proceeds.

"Ah, Sir, if you would only favour us by singing the air, to which these words belong, you would infinitely oblige us all," said a shrewd and intelligent looking compositor. "With all my heart," rejoined I; "but I must frankly tell you, that I shall sing it rather with heart than with voice—being neither a vocal nor an instrumental performer." "No matter: give us only a notion of it." They all stoud round in a circle, and I got through two stanzas as hastily and as efficiently as I was able. The usual "charmant!" followed my exertions: while I could scarcely refrain from laughter, even in the midst of one of the most impressively laboured cadenzas of the tune. It was now my turn to ask a favour. "Sing to me your favourite national air of RONNET and ARLETTE." "Most willingly, sir," replied the forementioned shrewd and intelligent looking compositor; "Tenez un petit moment: je vais chercher mon violon. Ça ira mieux." On his return, the ballad was chanted in full chorus, and Mr. D. observes, "The tune was both agreeable and lively:

and upon the whole, it was difficult to say, which seemed to be the better pleased with the respective national airs."

Again we must express our sincere regret, that Mr. Lewis has not made this exquisite scene a subject for his pencil; and should this work ever come to a second edition, we trust he will so embellish it. The author, in the midst of the ink circle of compositors in one of his most impressively laboured cadenzas, and the printers' devils bawling 'charmant!' would produce a *charmant* effect. It is absolutely a shame to have omitted this group, worthy of Hogarth, of Bunbury, or of Gilray!

Having got through his song, the author soon after got into the Diligence for Paris; and when in the capital, favours us with a view of its streets, gardens, public buildings, boulevards, &c., as circumstantially as if such a book as the Paris Guide had never been published. He then takes up a ground of greater interest, and better suited to his peculiar habits and taste: we mean the Libraries. To those who take much concern in the history of old MSS., old printing, old vellum, old binding, old illuminating, &c. this part of the work will be found valuable and curious; and even general readers will, we think, discover in it a good deal to amuse and inform them. But there will also be to wade through a *quantum sufficit* of that learned slip-slop, of which ignorance is bliss, and avoidance wisdom.

Mr. D. decides that Lord Spencer's head of St. Christopher is older than the head in the King's Library. This Bibliothèque (du Roi) before the restorations took place, could boast of 300,000 printed books, and 70,000 MSS.; but some thousands of the most precious have been returned to their lawful owners.

Many of the sequent pages are filled with interesting accounts of the oldest manuscripts and books in this collection. The Bedford Breviary, Hours of Anne of Brittany, other minuscules and remarkable antiquities, are minutely described. Numerous as the plates are, (and those of fac similes of binding, illuminations, &c. are very curious) we should have been glad of more to illustrate the books alluded to. Of the nature of some of these relics, the *Géné de Dieu* (No. 6712, folio, 2 vols.) may be quoted as an example. These volumes, it is stated, are among the most magnificent *Shew-books* in the collection, somewhat similar in size and style of art, to the MS. of Valerius Maximus, in the British Museum. It is about the middle of the 15th century, and gorgeously illuminated. The subjects are of a strange kind, and exceedingly anomalous. One, for instance, represents St. Austin; another, Jove and Juno, both giving suck to animals; a third, represents the eating of the forbidden fruit, with a fountain and a skeleton; a fourth, Pinocchio with the Chariot of the Sun precipitating into the Po; and a fifth—but we give it in the writer's own words—"The twenty-first subject, displays the tortures of the damned. It is dreadfully interesting. You observe two cauldrons in which they are boiling. A pond of boiling water is in

the forefront of the picture, in which the tortured are floating, while dragons and fiends are tormenting them. Above, are a man and a woman, facing each other, tied to a spit—which is turning round—the woman being uppermost. [Did not we say that these accounts were wondrous circumstantial? How could one tell that the spit was turning round?] A devil is blowing the fire with a pair of bellows, while another devil turns the spit. The fire appears to be very hot and flaming. Above these, again, there are two devils pounding a man upon an anvil. The colouring of the figures throughout, is in a fine, strong, and striking tint."

The department of the library allotted to the Romances of Chivalry, furnishes matter for many details; and no where is the ex-combry of black letter lore more obvious. Ex. Gr.

"Book of Tournaments, No. 8351, folio. This volume is a perfect blaze of splendour. Hitherto let Prospero and Palmerin resort—to choose their casques, their gauntlets, their cuirasses, and lances; yea, let more than half of the Roxburghers make an annual pilgrimage to visit this tome! which develops, in thirteen minutes, more chivalrous intelligence than is contained even in the mystical leaves of the *Fest of Arms and Chivalry* of their beloved Caxton. Be my purse calm; and my wits composed, as I essay the description of this *marvellous* volume." If this be not indicative of the need for bleeding and medicine, we really know not what is, nor

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug, Would scour it hence.

But if a romance can raise these raptures, what will be thought of the tender impressions made by a dry and musty vocabulary? "VOCABULARIUS. Printed by Bechtermunze, 1467. Quarto. EDITIO PRINCIPES. One of the rarest books in the world. Indeed I apprehend this copy to be absolutely unique. Hence you will conclude that no copy adorns the shelves of the fore-mentioned library (Lord Spencer's). Even so, my friend:—and I own it with more than an ordinary sigh—

And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow—

"as he turned over the leaves of this copy," methinks I hear you add. This is a Latin and German Vocabulary," &c. &c. From the language used about it, one would suppose its possession involved some great moral good or evil;—but grant us patience, heaven!—of all the cant that is cant in this canting world, the cant of criticism is not the most tormenting. Well does a pursuit thus exaggerated, merit the name of *mania*.

Mention is made of a Virgil, "printed by Sweeney and Pannartz, 1471. Folio. Second Roman edition, of greater scarcity than the first. This was Politian's own copy, and is so large as to be almost uncut; having the margin filled with scholia and critical observations, in almost the smallest hand writing to be met with; supposed to be also from the pen of Politian. His auto-

graph and subscription are at the top of the first fly leaf; and of all ancient editions of Virgil, this is probably the most rare and estimable. Copies are, however, in Lord Spencer's superb library, and in that of Dr. William Hunter, at Glasgow."

We shall not follow Mr. Dibdin further about the king's library, nor into the other collections at Paris, such as St. Genevieve, the Arsenal, &c.; nor can we afford room for his perambulations among the booksellers, printers, and binders of that metropolis. Suffice it to observe, that printing costs very little more than one half of London prices; and that the binding, or, as it is pedantically called, the bibliopæstic art, is declining, though "Thouvenin (one of these artists) makes a higher circle in the heavens," and "Simier (another) shines with no very despicable lustre!" Lord saaf us, as our friend Dominic Samson (quoted in our last) would say; what, in heaven's name, can the higher circle in the heaven of bookbinding be?

Among the men of letters, Mr. Dibdin, during his six weeks' stay, diversified his studies; and the most pleasing pages in his book are devoted to notices of Dom Briat, the Abbe Bétencourt, Gail, Millin, Langles, Denon, &c. These be invited to a festival (of which an account appeared in the newspapers at the time, and is here repeated), and founded a sort of Parisian Roxburgh club (from the details given of it), as adept at mingling the tastes for epicureanism and bibliomania, as any society whatsoever. The newly incorporated bibliophiles of France, we learn, propose to publish, as their first essay, "some inedited letters of Leibnitz; an inedited piece of Diderot; a very curious letter of Voltaire; and an ancient pastoral French game, taken from one of the MSS. in the royal library."

The remainder of the volume is miscellaneous and entertaining. There is an excellent account of Denon's residence and collection of pictures; also of Quentin Crauford's collection; and of that of the Marquis of Sommeriva. Mr. Crauford had the finest series of French royal and noble portraits in existence; Sommeriva, the best of Canova's (of whom he was the early friend), including his Magdalen. Antiquities and engravings are slightly treated of; but we must again repeat our praise of this part of the work, as intelligent and free from the bibliomaniacal affectation. Among the engravings, a whimsical one is noticed, which affords a good idea of Gallic vanity and ingenuity. It is a cheap aqua-tint, on the subject of the Battle of Waterloo. "To the right, on looking at it, there is a wounded soldier, of the Imperial guard. His left arm is in a sling; his right hand holds a bayonet, pointing to the following inscription on a rock:—'Vingt-cinq ans des conquêtes. La France seale, contre l'Europe entière.' To the right of this figure, on a stone slab, is written, in capital letters, 'La Gardie meurt et ne se rend pas.' Opposite, stands the Duke of Wellington (a little too young, and handsome as he might have been at 30 years of age), pointing, with a drawn sword, to the

following inscription:—"Waterloo, 1815. Invasion de la France, par cinq puissances alliées." The figure is, in other respects, wretchedly drawn. In the back ground, attached to a cross, with a garland at top, are two inscriptions suspended to it; one, "Immortalité," the other, "Au courage Malheureux."

Our limits demand an abrupt close; and we can only add, that Mr. Dibdin is a great enemy to lithography, and makes several sensible and just remarks on the immorality it is calculated to spread over the licentious citizens of Paris, by multiplying rude and indecent pictures, at a price adapted to the lowest ranks. From Paris, he went to Strasburgh; and here we leave him and his second volume together, intending to pay our respects to the third in our next.

CORRECTIONS.

A letter of remonstrance from the reverend author has just been handed to us*. He complains of our review of his first volume last week, and offers sundry denials, sundry corrections, and sundry explanations. As *Impartial justice* is our rule and motto, we shall refrain from recrimination, though the reverend gent. has handled back our terms, and called us "Dandy Reviewer;" accused us of treating him "rudely and even unfairly;" and insinuated infinitely more offensive personal motives to us than we ever thought of attributing to him on the consideration of his book—for we never go upon other grounds than those furnished by the publications before us. We beg to assure Mr. Dibdin, that towards him, as towards every author, we have endeavoured to discharge our duty honestly—conscientiously we are sure, for we have no other claims upon the public but what promptitude, diligence, and especially truth, give us; and it is on these principles that the great prosperity of the Literary Gazette has been built up. Mr. D. after asserting that not profit but fame is his object in writing, adds, "I will not stop to inquire how the reviewer could digest the contents of the first volume of my tour in so short a time, because I have long been convinced that digestion rarely forms a part of modern criticism." We will confess (not caring for the candour of this sweeping censure) that it is not easy to digest Mr. Dibdin's volumes; but with us necessity has no law, and we were obliged to do it as well as we could, though it certainly turned our stomach, as it seems to have turned his temper. But reviewers have no choice.

Wouldst drink up evil? eat a crocodile?
We [must] do't:

* Addressed to Messrs. Longman and Co. with liberty to use it as they deemed right. They accordingly transmitted it to us, and with perfect truth wrote to Mr. D. that they "had no command whatever over the literary department of the Gazette." We take the opportunity of printing this statement, as we desire that no one may be held amenable for our opinions; and as we would quash certain paltry insinuations of our journal being under any influence but that of independent veracity, because it has those connections in the business branches of its management, essential to all Periodicals of its extensive circulation.—Ed.

and it is our misfortune, not our fault, that such messes are set before us.

But Mr. D. states that he is guiltless of the charge of compiling from Messrs. Turner and Stothard, the whole of his account of Normandy having been printed before a single page of either was put to the press. To this we answer, that our error was at least a natural and venial one: we could not divine who printed first, and could only tell who first published. And to make the point clearer, we beg to remind the reverend critic that he himself alludes to both these works as having preceded him (see note to his preface p. x. xi.) and further, that we mentioned Hall, Cotman, Ducarel, Pommeraye, Mountfalcon, &c. also as constituents of his "Cento." Does he deny that they are so? If he does, we will pledge ourselves to prove that their pages and his Chap-book trash occupy more space than the original matter in his first volume.

Mr. D. next defends himself against the charge of malignity towards Mr. Stothard. We never made it. We accused him of depreciating that artist (neither whom, nor Mr. Dibdin, did we ever see), and we maintain our accusation. The act was cruel towards a young artist employed by a great national body, as Mr. S. was by the Antiquarian Society; and we still think, Mr. D. was inexcusable in committing it. He is very soon sore himself; but like Death in the epigram, in respect to others—

"Do all we can, he is a man
That never spareth none."

And the jest is, that he appeals from his publication, which all the world may read, to his private conversations, which few know any thing about, for the veracity of his assertion, that he is not in the habit of depreciating Mr. Stothard's talents. Again, we repeat, we did not say he was: we said he had depreciated him in his volume, and so he has. His plates, he insinuates, "for the sake of the name and reputation of Mr. Stothard, should have been elsewhere." (Preface, p. xi.) In his great labour, which occupied months, the Bayeux Tapestry, "probably the touches are a little too artist-like or masterly;" while Mr. Lewis, his own companion, in two mornings, was "thoroughly successful," made a "most marvellous fac-simile—stitch for stitch, colour for colour, size for size." Now, we take permission to hold an opinion, that this is underrating one artist, and unnecessarily raising the eulogy of another upon that wrong; and more, we will be bound to the fact, from the very nature and extent of the work, that no man living could make such a fac-simile of it as is here stated, in fifteen or sixteen hours.

Mr. D. is angry because we thought the story of the duel *indifferently* told. We did so; and if we had spoken all our mind, we should have added *incorrectly* too, if he alludes to the affair in which Mr. Pickford was concerned. His general style, indeed, is in our judgment very indifferent. The only other point between the Reverend Gentleman and the Literary Gazette, relates to the embellishments, which he says, we were

reluctantly obliged to speak of as beautiful. We can only protest, that it gave us great pleasure, and that we are sorry we did not mention their number to be about 140 copper-plates, and nearly 80 wood-cuts. It is an odd example of reluctant praise, to say that prints were "*exquisite*, and in the very best style of British art."

Having defended ourselves against these heavy accusations, we take leave of the author, whose private character, as far as hearsay enables us to form an opinion, is entitled to every respect. We had no idea of impeaching his probity or honour; we bear him no ill-will, and we hope he exercises the same christian feeling towards us.

Grillparzer's Dramatic Poem, The Golden Fleece.

After the prelude of "The Guest," (see our last number) follows the second division, "The Argonauts," a tragedy in four acts.

The avenging pangs of conscience torment Aëtes, after the commission of the bloody deed; his daughter shuns him, and secluded in a desolate tower, practises the hellish arts which she has inherited from her mother. While things are in this situation, the Argonauts arrive in Colchis, to demand back the Golden Fleece, and to avenge their murdered friend.

Aëtes, in his distress, applies to his daughter, desiring her counsel, and the aid of her magic arts. Moved by his entreaties, Medea resolves to consult the spirits of darkness. She intends to begin the frightful operation in a gloomy vault, in which stands the statue of Peronto, as we saw it in the prelude; but a strange guest has found his way there before her. Jason, the leader of the Argonauts, has accidentally approached the tower, perceived the light, and swimming through the river, found his way to the abode of the enchantress. He has advanced unperceived into the vault, and on hearing persons approach, conceals himself behind the statue of the god.

Medea enters, and begins the conjuration; but the infernal spirits hesitate to answer her, because the foot of an intruder has profaned the holy ground. In vain she calls—All powerful beings, listen to my call,

Listen to Medea's voice—

'Tis your friend that calls!

I implore you; I command,

Appear! appear!

At this moment Jason, with his drawn sword, rushes forward, and exclaiming—"Accursed sorceress! thy hour is come;" wounds Medea in the arm, who, struck at once by Jason's sword and Cupid's dart, sinks exhausted on a rocky seat. Her proud heart, which has hitherto bid defiance to love, is vanquished by the first view of the Greek hero. Jason, too, is penetrated by similar feelings, when he surveys the lovely countenance of the enchantress. Absyrtus, Medea's brother, here bursts in with a troop of armed men, to seize and kill the daring stranger; who, however, opens himself, with his sword, a passage through the ranks of his opponents, while his heroic valour strength-

ens the impression which he has made on Medea's heart. In vain she struggles with a passion which she will not own, because she has always ridiculed it as unworthy of her.

"How could a stranger penetrate those walls?" she answers to her attendant, Gora, who doubts her assertion, that the bold heroic figure is not that of a mortal.

How could a mortal e'er presume,
To stand before Medea's eye,
To speak to her, to threaten with his lips.
Go! thou unhappy! go.
Fly! that I kill thee not,
And make my life the forfeit of thy folly!
A mortal! Oh disgrace and infamy!
Avant thou traitress! fly!
Begone! or dread my anger!

Her father overwhelms her with reproaches; which she endures patiently, in the consciousness of her fault. In order to appease him, she prepares the beverage which Aëtes requires, to destroy the strangers. Covered with a veil, she follows him to the camp of the Greeks, where Jason receives the poisoned chalice from her hands. At that instant she recognizes in him the beloved stranger, and with an exclamation of terror, warns him of the danger. Jason, on his side, recognises his beloved, and attempts to take her hand; but she withdraws it, and flies, after having in vain attempted to summon her ancient pride to her aid. Again, though in vain, Medea contends against the power of love. She incites her father to combat with the Greeks, that the dangerous enemy may be removed; and when Aëtes calls on her to attend him, she exclaims terrified—

No, never!

Send me away,
Far, to the inmost deserts of the land,
Amidst gloomy forests, horror breathing cells,
Where neither eye, nor ear, nor voice can reach,
And only solitude and I may dwell.

There is a something in the human frame
That independent of the owner's will,
Attacks, repels, with blind, unfeeling power.

A mysterious attraction, she contends, exists between man and man, as between the lightning and the metal, between the magnet and the iron, and to this she ascribes her involuntary attachment to the stranger: she declares, that conscious of her weakness, she will not see him.—

Expel, pursue, nay even kill him, father!
I will behold him dead, though bathed in tears,
But cannot look upon him living.

Medea, being subsequently overtaken in her flight by Jason and his followers, she even draws her sword against her lover; but when Jason is going to abandon his unconquerable, insensible mistress, her ardent heart bursts at once the obdurate bonds in which it has been held, and the confession of love trembles on her pallid lips. The die is cast, her fate is decided; not even the curse of her incensed father—

No more shall the paternal door receive thee;
Rejected like some prowler of the waste,
Shalt die midst strangers, helpless and alone:
Follow thy vile seducer to his home;
Partake his bed, his wand'rings, his disgrace;
In the strange country live, thyself a stranger,

Despis'd, or mock'd at, ridicul'd and scorn'd.
Even he, for whom thou dost renounce thy father,

Thy country, and thy friends, shall loathe and hate thee,

When satiate passion shall desire no more:
Then shalt thou stand despairing, wring thy hands,

And stretch them tow'rd's thy far, far distant home,

Divided by the broad and foamy deep,
Whose waves hoarse murmuring breathe thy father's curse—

can induce her to tear herself from the arms of her lover. To follow him is the only thing for which she still has strength. Jason will not leave Colchis without the Golden Fleece. Medea warns him of the danger; for it is guarded in a dark cavern by a terrible dragon. Jason insists on his design, and Medea gives him an enchanted potion, by which the vigilance of the guardian is lulled asleep, and the Fleece is secured. They now hasten to their ships; but Absyrtus overtakes them, and attempts to hinder their flight. Jason wounds him, and carries him as a hostage on board his vessel, from the deck of which the youth throws himself into the sea. The unhappy father sees this from the shore, while the proud Argo bears away his fugitive daughter to meet her fate. Thus concludes the second division of the poem.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON ARCHITECTURE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—Some people have a sort of natural inclination for finding fault, their complaints being made sometimes with justice and often without reason; of that stamp is, I fear, your correspondent Beta, whose letter of last week I should not think it necessary to notice, were it not possible that his misrepresentations might pass with many persons for facts. In describing what he calls "the disgraceful spoliation of the beautiful spire of Bow Church," he broadly asserts that it is no more like the old one, than "he to Hercules." Now of Beta's similitude to Hercules I cannot judge; his strength perhaps not being measurable by the weakness of his present attack; I shall, therefore, confine my reply to his unfounded assertion, that "they have curtailed it of its fair proportions," &c. by stating that the spire has been rebuilt *exactly* according to the plans and measurement of the old one, correctly taken by the architect, except that by giving each course of stone its *full* dimensions, the present erection is from four to six inches *higher* than the last—this fact admits of immediate proof: and I may, with truth, add, that the masonry is (with the exception of the granite columns) infinitely superior in the existing edifice.

The justice of Beta's remarks relative to the new Post-office, will, I think, be generally admitted; indeed the delay in commencing that structure, is much to be regretted.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

VERITAS.

Chester Street, 28th May, 1821.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW COLOUR FOR ARTISTS.

We have always noticed any improvement in arts or science which has fallen under our cognizance; and the following, though familiar to some individuals, may yet not be so generally known, nor its importance to the fine arts so sufficiently appreciated, as they ought to be. It relates to the production of a colour in painting, hitherto the most transient, although the most indispensable in use amongst our artists. We allude to Madder Lake. After more than seven years' labour, and more than a thousand experiments, Mr. Field has prepared a Lake from Madder, which in point of brilliancy and strength, both for oil and water colours, has till within a short time had nothing comparable to it in the arts. To these qualities is added (as we are assured) the quality of durability.

The late Sir Joshua Reynolds was known to say, that he would give a thousand guineas for such a desideratum; and we cannot doubt, but that it was to combat the disadvantages of the Lakes in use, that many of his experiments were made. If this statement be, as we believe it to be, correct, artists may now look with confidence to the employment of a colour, on which, of all others, they could heretofore least depend; and purchasers of modern art, may calculate upon performances more lasting in what gives them value than any productions within the last century, we might perhaps say, within the last two centuries.

EDINBURGH COLLEGE MUSEUM.—We understand the following among other interesting articles of natural history and of the arts, have just been placed in the museum of the university:—Female Giraffe or Camelopard, from Africa. The museum already possesses the male Giraffe, which measures nearly eighteen feet in height, and is the only collection in Europe in which both sexes of this extraordinary quadruped are to be seen.—Tapir of India, and Crocodile of the Ganges; a present from the marchioness of Hastings.—Sea-horse or Walrus, killed in the Arctic seas by captain Parry.—African Leopard, and two rare and fine specimens of Antelope, from southern Africa.—The Proteus, from the subterranean caves of Carniola; sent to the museum by professor Cuvier of Paris.—Valuable collection of the larger species of British birds, prepared by the late captain Falconer of Woodcot.—Perfect skeleton of the Tapir of Malacca, and an interesting collection of the agricultural instruments and carpenters' tools of India.—Specimen of the Musk Deer, from Nepal.—Specimen of the head of the two-horned Rhinoceros.—Specimen of the pigmy Antelope, and various birds natives of China.—Case containing various interesting relics of Babylon; collected on the spot by sir Robert Ker Porter.—Collection of plants, made by the North American expedition under lieutenant Franklin.—A second collection of the rocks of the Arctic regions; presented by captain Ross.—*Edinb. Cor.*

* This is a mistake; the British Museum has them, presented by Mr. Burchell.—Ed.

LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

Annual Public Sitting of the four Academies.

At this sitting, the four Academies were united under the presidency of M. Walckenaer, who, after the opening speech, announced for the next year, a prize founded by the late illustrious Count de Volney, to the person who shall best fulfil his intentions, which in his own words are, "to excite and encourage all labour tending to promote and execute his plan of transcribing the Asiatic languages into regularly formed European characters." The Academy, wishing to understand more clearly the intentions of the founder, has proposed for next year, a medal, worth twelve hundred francs, to him who shall best explain "the means of realizing this somewhat equivocal plan, the bounds within which it will be proper to circumscribe its application, the direction to be given to it, and finally, the probable results to be expected from it."

According to the order observed in the programme, the prize proposed by the French Academy, for the most useful work on public morals, during the year 1820, was awarded to Baron de Gerando, author of the work entitled, "*Le Visiteur des Pauvres*."

The Academy also presented a gold medal of the value of three hundred francs, to M. Hugues Milot, the author of "*Damns, ou l'Education du Cœur*."

Count Boissy d'Anglas was to have read some passages from his work, entitled—"*Memoire sur l'Abbaye de Saint Denis*," but he preferred giving some extracts from a poem, entitled—"*Boulevard, ou les Souvenirs*."

M. Charles Dupin, in his "*Observations on Industry and Steam Engines*," gave to the most dry and technical details, a degree of interest of which they scarcely seemed capable. M. Dupin explained "the influence of industry on the power of governments and the happiness of mankind," with infinite spirit and talent, mingling with his arguments the most happily chosen allusions and anecdotes.

A discourse "*On Genius*," by M. Guizot, particularly excited public curiosity.

This interesting sitting was closed by M. Lemercier, a poem, entitled "*Motes*," this year, furnished the subject of his lecture.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

We cannot, in justice to the merits of artists employed in furnishing these parts of the mental treat in the present Exhibition, pass over the model academy, where, if the sculptors of our country may not vie with the splendid remains of antiquity, we may yet fairly say, that our busts rank with any effort that has appeared among those remains; as far, at least, as portraits are brought into the comparison.

At the head of this class, the heads of Mr. Chantrey stand conspicuous; and it is quite impossible for a man of any intelligence not to discover something approaching to truth, in forming his judgment

of the character of the originals from his busts. It were indeed no strained application to affix to them the motto chosen to the Tales of my Landlord:

Hear land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maiden Kirk to John O'Groat's—
If there's a hole in a' your coats

I rede you tent it:
A Chield's amang you, taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

Is there a lurking passion you'd conceal,
The sculptor's art the secret will reveal.

Truth and taste are the united qualities that distinguish the works of Mr. Chantrey; and it is but to point to the Numbers that mark his performances to insure attention to them.

In placing Mr. Chantrey at the head of his profession, we have no intention to make his works, like the rod of Moses, swallow up those about him; on the contrary, there are sculptures of such close affinity to the excellence of his chisel, as, in some degree, to divide the palm;—among which, along with others, are those of Turnerelli, Bailly, and Belnes. Besides the busts, there is also a tolerable proportion of sculptured groups, and monumental designs. For example, No. 1085, a Hindoo Girl; a statue in marble, being part of a monument to be erected at Calcutta, in memory of A. Colvin, esq.—R. Westmacott, R.A.

Nothing can exceed the character and appropriate attitude of this female, nor the unconstrained simplicity which marks her whole arrangement: neither is the execution of this admirable performance less entitled to our admiration. The same artist's figure of Resignation, though less attractive in our eyes, has sufficient claims to encomium.

No. 1086. *Celadon and Amelin*.—C. Rossi, R.A. The character of this group is in perfect unison with the description of the poet; more especially that of the female, whose shrinking terror seems to place her upon the verge of dissolution. The costume, however, is somewhat at variance with our associations of the story; and the size of the figures rather too unequal.

No. 1153. *Night producing Ether, and the Day*.—Theogny of Hesiod.—J. E. Hinchliff.

We can have no objection to any of those elegant and graceful forms; and groups, with which the heathen mythology, or the Theogony of Hesiod, fills the mind of the artist: but either appears to us to be of a texture too subtle to be embodied. It is not like the Virtues which have their symbols, and the Passions which have their expressions; and are consequently received and understood. The group, however, is replete with good taste, and the ascending form is full of grace.

No. 1155. *Reginence*. Part of a Monument now circulating in Memory of the late Archibald Seton, Esq., a Member of the Supreme Council, at Calcutta.—J. Bacon.

In this composition we have what speaks to the understanding. The nest of the Pelican, the cornucopia poured out to the surrounding group, sufficiently mark the character of the virtue represented. As a work of art, it does no less credit to the skill of

the artist than its design does honour to his understanding.

No. 1164. *Model of his late Majesty, George the Third*.—R. G. Frechairs.

Represents our late venerable sovereign under his afflicting malady; but in a state of such quiet as might belong to the hermit, or to the saint: to which character, the costume and the accessories greatly contribute.

We now resume our remarks on the paintings.

No. 194. *Dover from the Sea; a squally Day; Wind against the Tide*.—A. W. Callcott, R.A.

Of the class to which this picture belongs, there will be many admirers; though few, in a comparative view, can enter into the detailed fidelity which characterizes the pencil of Mr. Callcott, in this as well as in every subject he treats. It is for the mariner to observe the bearing of the vessel, the motion of the water, with all the effects of wind and weather upon the objects in the element in which he is accustomed to move. We think, however, there has been something rather injudicious in the title, which would have run better if the vessels, a squally day, &c. had preceded, with Dover in the distance. As far, however, as composition and technical skill can reach in the treatment of his subject, the artist merits the highest praise; though we are not satisfied with the perspective about the vessel.

No. 339. *Landscape. Noon*.—J. Constable, J.

Notwithstanding the excellence of the composition, and some beautiful touches of nature, there is a want of effect in this landscape, arising principally from those scattered and glittering lights that pervade every part, and render it far less attractive than his Hampstead Heath, and Shower, in the adjoining great room.

No. 273. *Portrait of Mr. Munden, &c. in Lock and Reg.*—G. Elms.

Our remarks on this truly excellent performance, in the first notice of the Exhibition, were of a very indefinite nature; it had our highest eulogium; but its general character, as well as its detailed merits, rise on every view we take of it. To the expression in the countenance of Munden, we hear testimony by a sympathetic laugh every time we look on it; nor are the countenances of Knight and Mrs. Orger less significant of their characters. To these attractions are added the highly wrought power of facile execution, harmony of colouring, and the introduction of accessories the most picturesque and appropriate; the whole thrown together into composition, that no mere stage representation can give. As a work of humour, it ranks with the best pictures of Zoffany.

WEST'S GALLERY.

The exhibition of many of the principal works of the deceased president, has, under this title, been opened at his late residence in Newman Street, where a very beautiful and well-contrived gallery has been erected for that purpose. The entrance is enriched with a number of brilliant sketches, which display the versatile talents of the painter in a hardly less forcible manner than his greatest

pictures. With some of the historical pieces we are much delighted; and one or two of the poetical subjects are sweetly imagined.

In the Great Room, which produces a very solemn effect on the spectator, like that experienced on beholding the interior of a grand cathedral, are the sacred subjects (we believe twelve in number) painted for his late Majesty; and the two principal pictures by Mr. West, *Christ Rejected*, and *Death on the Pale Horse*. As these have been so recently and so long before the public, it would be a waste of time in us to dwell on their excellent qualities. Their influence on the mind is heightened by their present association, and situation; of the last mentioned picture the catalogue gives a very heterogeneous description, which will rather mar than help its impression.

Beyond the Great Room is a smaller apartment, (oddly enough) called the Anti-Room. It is full of interesting pictures. Among these we would particularly direct the attention of visitors to No. 66, the earliest performance of Mr. West's childhood, and to 65 (Boys and Grapes), the last effort of his pencil—a pencil exercised through more years than are usually allotted to the span of humanity. There are some admirable sketches in this room; and No. 87, Alexander the 2d of Scotland rescued from the fury of a Stag, is one of his most vigorous historical productions; while 94, the Golden Age, is one of the most pleasing of his classical works.

Taken altogether, this is, in our opinion, an exhibition likely to be very popular. The religious and moral tendency of all Mr. West's paintings, is here most conspicuous; and his genius as an artist, is here distinctly in view. The deep feelings with which we believe the most thoughtless must depart from these rooms, will best attest the former. With regard to the latter, allowing all the intellectual power, conception, execution, composition, purity, truth, and grandeur of the venerable president, we departed more strongly than ever convinced that his pallet was ill composed, and his figures and shadows too nearly allied, to admit of the highest pictorial merit in either.

In conclusion, we can assure our readers that they will hardly be able to spend a few hours more satisfactorily than in West's Gallery.

STAINED GLASS.

Mr. Backler is also exhibiting, in New-man Street, a few doors from Mr. West's, three stained glass windows, which he has finished for provincial churches. They are equal to his former works, and do credit to the art in this country. One is an Ascension, with two angels; the second, Gothic architecture; with saints, &c. in niches; and the third, heraldic blazonings. All are rich in colour, brilliant, and highly finished. The general effect is striking; and the amateurs in glass painting, as well as the curious in general, will, we think, be gratified by a sight of them.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[We are indebted to a correspondent for the following "PORN'S LINES," which he informs us are copied from an original MSS of his, and have never been published.]

To the Lady Winchelsea, occasioned by four verses in the Rape of the Lock.

In vain you boast poetic dames of yore,
And cite those Sapphos, we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of every female wit;
But doom'd it then when first Ardella writ;
Of all examples by the world confest
I knew Ardella could not quote the best,
Who, like her mistress on Britannia's throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own:
To write their praise you but in vain essay;
E'en while you write, you take that praise away;
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more.

A POPE.

VAUDEVILLES.

Ayant le dos au feu et le ventre à la table.

With my back to the fire, and my face to the table,
And that table with claret well stowed;
Away with blue devils, I'll drink while I'm able,
What's like it, to lighten life's load?
And a gallant complexion of violet and rose
Shall blush on my cheekbones, and purple my nose.

2.

What cosmetic can equal the hue of good wine?
Every girl will confess that it makes you,
If only bewitching before, now divine!
Drink-water, your mistress forsakes you;
Drink water, and parchment is plump to your skin,
You'll die, yellow, green, crabbed, crippled, and thin.

"Je ne treuve en ma medicine."

Give me wine—right Orleans wine!
Earth has no such medicine.
Down with doctors, let the glass
Round my humble table pass.
On its sparkling brim I find
Health of body, health of mind;
If I must endure the tribe,
Wine be all they dare prescribe.
Water, or pilsan, or pill,
In my case is sure to kill.
Keep your milk and gooseberries
For sentimental souls, and pies!
What can warm the man within
Like wine, your honest Orleans wine?
Never pang comes near my heart,
But when my lip and goblet part.
Gods, can life be short or dull,
To him whose goblet's always full?

[By Correspondents.]

TO CONTENT.

Content! thy throne, as was thy birth,
Is in supernal realms; of earth
No denizen art thou;
Then, much as I may wish thee mine,
I will not bend before thy shrine,
Nor waste for thee one verse.

• We noticed in our last some excellent Bacchanalian songs of the 15th century, by a bard of Vires, and quoted by Mr. Dibdin. A popular poetical friend has versified the two following.

Thou art the theme of poets' lays,
The idol of the sages' praise.

Who bid mankind be free
From human passions and desires,
All the wild tumults hope inspires,
And seek alone for thee.

'T were right; did not experience teach

How useless is the truth they preach;

"Content is happiness."

We know it, but as well we know

There is no happiness below,

Thou stranger here no less.

The tenant of the lowly cot

Finds thee no sharer of his lot,

As dreaming birds still chime;

Thou fliest from peasant, prince, and sage,

From ardent youth, from hopeless age,

Each sex, and rank, and clime.

And nature too, hath given the breast

A fiery spirit of unrest,

Which bids content depart;

And cries unceasingly within,

"On—something find to chase and win,

But say not what thou art."

Wealth, rank, and power, lead mortals on

With hopes of joy that oft is won,

Tho' short, imperfect, vain;

But who seeks thee, and spurns at these,

Seeks what on earth heaven's fixed decrees

Forbid him to attain:

Star of their course, let virtue shine,

And all they may of bliss divine,

She gives mankind to feel,

And gives to those who seek the strife,

Of power and fame, as those whose life

Ne'er own'd ambition's zeal.

Then goddess, tho' thy lover, I

Forswear myself thy votary,—

To Hope alone I bow,

Whose joys, still withering and still blooming,

Are yet more real than aught illuming

This dreary path below.

March, 1821.

ZARACH.

THE PROTEST.

Mr. Editor.—I must candidly avow that the inclosed is a mere verification of well-known anecdotes.

In this age of plagiarism, I trust you will deem it right to interfere for honor—and let the protest, with charges, duly appear in your columns to my credit. I remain, Mr. Editor,

With sterling respect,

BILL AFTER-NIGHT.

I've met in business, pleasure, schools,

A set of asses, puppies, fools;

Who write the most unmeaning stuff;

And get it published with a puff;

Then give a literary rout,

At which their muses, of course come out,

And half persuade some friends to hope,

With practice, they may equal Pope.

Big with the thought, they spurt on men

The overflows of their pen:

I challenge scribblers, thus described,

And publishers, whom they have bribed,

Both in this city, and abroad,

With the worst character of fraud,

And the most daring robbery too;

Why not expose the pilfering crew?

Yet let me prove what I advance:

A fellow, just arrived from France,

Told his acquaintance, that he wrote

Much of French verse, from which he'd quote

Some dozen passages, or more,

But promised not to exceed a score.

For every verse he caught a nod,

From an old gent—he thought it odd;
But deem'd it meant for approbation,
And therefore made no observation;
At length, the nods so frequent grew,
That in a rage the minstrel flew;
Loudly demanded—*explanation*—
Of this, the grossest violation,
And cried, "I'll have it ere we part,"
The other said, "With all my heart."
It is a custom, Sir, I prize,
To bow to those I recognize;
The lines you read with such an air,
You *know* were written by Voltaire."
Out burst the laugh, and in dismay
The bard, detected, slunk away.
This is no solitary case;—
Such pillaging too oft takes place.
And, tho' the tale you may have heard,
In further proof I'll say a word;
An author once, who wrote a play,
Took it to *Swift*, without delay;
Desired permission to submit
The work to his discerning wit.
The Dean requested in three days,
To see the wooer of the *days*.
On the third day he went again
To seek the Dean, nor sought in vain:
"I read your play," said *Swift*, "last night;
One half of which gave much delight:
I can't sufficiently admire
Its truth, its justice, wit, and fire,
'Twill live for ever, that is clear;—
Which half?—That stolen from Shakespeare."

THE ATHEIST.

[A note from C. informs us that the following lines were suggested by a review in our Number 226.]

"There is no God," the atheist cried:
And when the daring blasphemy
Ascended from his lips to thee,
Where were thy tardy lightnings, Heaven,
Thy dread reply in thunder given,
To blast him to his native hell,
And in his punishment to tell
The impious wretch, he lied!
The lightning then remained at rest;
No answer to the wretch from high,
In pealing thunder, shook the sky;
For well the Almighty Father knew,
Who pierces nature with his view,
In all creation's ample round,
So fierce a hell could not be found,
As glowed within his breast.

C.

A SUBLIME SONNET.

"— as the great extreme of dimension is sublime, so the last extreme of littleness is, in some measure, sublime likewise."

Bapho on the Sublime; Part. 2, sec. 8.

Ages on ages hence—when the world's frame,
And habitants, are changed; and mightier men
Have to our dwarfish race succeeded; when
Almost the site, the record, even the name,
Of this proud city hath been swept away—
The traveller, up Ludgate's lonely glen
Will pause his step gigantic, 'mid the flocks
Browsing its pastured slope; and ask, if Fame
That spot had ever known in ancient day?—
Then—as his lofty smile our London mocks,
And, Thames, thy silent waters, still the same,
Tho' bared of their broad archings, he shall say,
Uplifting Paul's forgotten Cupola—
"Look—this was that small people's pepper-box!"

EPIGRAM.

On Lord Byron's Game at "Bowls;" in answer to another upon the same subject.

No more "at Bowls" let Byron play,
And knock the "Bowls" about;
For "Bowls" has fairly won the day,
And "Bowls" his Lordship out!

MARRIAGE.

Let the good man for nuptial rights design'd,
Turn over every page of woman kind;
Mark every sense, and how the readings vary,
And when he's read 'em through—why let him marry!

A QUIZ.

TO A FRIEND.

Brother in soul! Oh! who can break the bond,
That twines thine image with my hopes and fears?

It is not Fancy's ardor, wildly fond,
Nor transient intercourse, that thee endears;
But thoughts, pursuits, and feelings that respond
In tried reality; and chequer'd years
Of proved regard, with faith, that looks beyond
Vain reason's prospect through this vale of tears.

Eternity shall crown our perfect love—
Life is too short for friendship such as ours:
Ah! still, together, may we onward rove
Thro' the brief scenes of time's few, fleeting hours,

Until, together gently loosed from this,
Soar our freed spirits to a world of bliss!

April 21, 1821.

ASTORUS.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Yes—fell tyrant—yes—
I feel thy with'ring blight!
Thy baleful wings are round me spread;
The sky to me, is now arrayed,
In all the gloom of night;
The sun's gone down,
Tho' scarcely noon,
And I must wander on without a moon.
My fancy dreamt a dream,
(And fancy's dreams are fair,)
Methought a prize to me was dealt
By Fortune—when I straightway built
A castle in the air!—
You mocked the toil,
And gripped the while,
To see Hope prostrate lie beneath the ruined pile.

Again my fancy slept,
Again she dreamt a dream—
Through gloomy meads methought I strayed,
Led by some loving much loved maid,
And love was all the theme;

This cup so bright,
Brimmed with delight,
You dashed upon the ground, and all again was night.

How could my fancy sleep,
When waking was to sigh!
Or how again of Friendship dream,
(Sweet Sensibility's fond theme)
When you alone were by,
Whispering near,
In the dull ear,
The substance is in heaven—why woo the shadow here?

But lo! a light appears;
The hand now is shown—
And Hope revives—I saw her stand—
She waves me with her silver wand,
And bids me fearless on!
I follow faint,
For in her train,

I see friends, fortune, love, and all is day again.

M. P.

J. B.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

NATIONAL MANNERS.

The ceremony of the baptism of the young Duke de Bourdeaux, which was solemnized at the commencement of the present month, gave rise to extraordinary rejoicings in Paris. The following, gathered from the journals, is an enumeration of the public festivities which took place on the happy occasion, and were partially alluded to in our Paris Correspondent's letter in last Literary Gazette.

FIRST DAY.—TUESDAY, MAY 1st.—At eleven o'clock, the municipal body proceeded in state from the Hôtel de Ville to the church of Notre Dame, to be present at the ceremony of the baptism. In the morning were celebrated the marriages of sixteen orphan girls, who received portions from the municipal body. Immediately after they had received the nuptial benediction, the married couples were conducted to Notre Dame, and had the honour to be presented to the King on his leaving the church. In the twelve arrondissements wine and provisions were distributed gratis to 37,445 poor persons, each of whom received a bottle of wine, a pye, and a loaf of bread weighing two pounds. On the same day ten aged or poor individuals from each arrondissement, were admitted into the hospitals. In the evening the Hôtel de Ville and other public edifices in Paris were brilliantly illuminated, and a grand display of fire works took place on the Pont Louis XVI.

SECOND DAY.—WEDNESDAY, MAY 2d.—The King having accepted the fête prepared at the Hôtel de Ville, and consented that the Princes and Princesses of the Blood should honour the festival with their presence, the following arrangements were made for their reception.

On their arrival at the portico they were received by the Count de Chabrol, prefect of the Seine, at the head of the municipal body; twelve ladies of the city, appointed by the King to accompany Madame and the Duchesse de Berri, were stationed at the entrance of the Hôtel de Ville. Their Royal Highnesses ascended by the grand stair-case to the Salle de Trône, where they received compliments of congratulation, and were next conducted to the Hall where the table was laid out for the Royal Banquet. Twelve ladies, selected from the different classes of the citizens, and also appointed by the King, had the honour to sit at the royal table. Seventy-two ladies and an equal number of gentlemen of the city were admitted into the Hall during the banquet. The other disposable places in the Hall were reserved for the ladies who were in attendance on the Princesses, and those members of the municipal body who had no personal service to perform. During the Royal Banquet two more tables were laid out in the adjoining apartments, one for the diplomatic body, and the other for the ministers, marshalls, and superior officers of the Royal Household. Two members of the municipal body presided at each of these tables. After dinner the Royal party retired to the Salle de Saint-Esprit, where an *intermezzo* was performed;

a concert was also given in the Salle de Trône. Their Royal Highnesses next proceeded to the grand hall room, where the ball was opened in their presence. They were attended, on their departure, with the same ceremonies as on their arrival. A hundred tripods surmounted with brilliant lamps, were stationed on the Quays, from the Hôtel de Ville to the Louvre, to light the way. In the evening, the Hôtel de Ville and other public edifices were illuminated with variegated lamps.

In the afternoon of the 2d of May, various games, spectacles, and other public amusements, took place in the two squares of the Champs-Élysées. In the Grand Carré were eight orchestras for dancing; two stages for tumblers and rope dancers; a theatre for the performance of vaudevilles, and comic scenes; a theatre for conjuring and legerdemain; four *mités de cognac*, with five prizes on each. In the Carré Marigny were four orchestras for dancing; a theatre for rope dancing and pantomimes; and a theatre for farces. In the evening a display of fireworks. At three o'clock in the afternoon, a public distribution of wine, meat, bread and confectionary, took place in the avenue of the Champs-Élysées; for which purpose six side-boards were laid out along the avenue. In the evening the Champs-Élysées were illuminated.

THIRD DAY.—THURSDAY, MAY 3d.—Balls to the corporation of the Halles and the Marchés. Refreshments were provided for these balls at the expence of the municipal body.

On a subsequent day the canal of Saint Denis was opened, and a grand fête took place on the occasion.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—Fanny Bias, celebrated in Moore's poetry, has divided the honours of the Ballet with Noblet, since our last. Their evolutions have quite fascinated the cognoscenti, and from Yarmouth to Fife their eulogies are ringing. Even royalty applauds:

Let both divide the crown.

COVENT GARDEN.—NEW TRAGEDY: DAMON AND PYTHIAS. The subject of the new tragedy is familiar, being one of the earliest anecdotes, (from, if we remember rightly, Valerius Maximus) given for the perusal of youth. The principal incidents are unaltered; but an additional halo is, with some ingenuity of conception, thrown round the leading characters; and it arises from the application of the most powerful and influential causes for a deviation from rectitude, the ties of family straining round the heart, and holding the soul of mortality to life. The poetry is good, as far as we could conclude from an acted play, and worthy of the author of *Evadne*: still, however, we cannot applaud the author's choice of subject. Nothing is exhibited which bears the charm of new incident; nor are we made more familiar with any character of historical value: and what is worse, the morality is du-

bious in one point, and common-place in another. We cannot sincerely sympathize with the man who begins his career with the attempt at assassination. A Syracusan senate, somewhat servilely, proposes to elect to the chief dignity of the state Dionysius, their successful general; and who, at least by his subsequent courage and decision, appears qualified for the employment. Damon, irritated at the elevation of one, beneath whose ambitious sway the liberties of Syracuse may be extinguished, flies to the house of his friend Pythias, who is on the eve of marriage with the young Calanthe—there exclaims against the expected proceeding of the senators, swearing that he, even unsupported, will defeat their project, and alarms the poor bride; and having in his haste forgotten his own dagger, borrows that of Pythias, and goes off to the senate house to use it. The senate is assembled, and are in the moment of decreeing the crown to Dionysius, when Damon rushes furiously into the assembly, complains of the distributions of soldiers on the accesses to the senate house, declaims on the unconstitutional mode of barring the passage of freemen, and forcibly appeals to the senate against their own treachery to the state: but in vain—the vote passes. Dionysius becomes tyrant, orders Damon into the custody of his guard; and the latter ineffectually tries to stab him. He is ordered to prison and execution. Pythias, at the marriage altar, hears of his friend's fate; defers his marriage, flies to the prison, and undertakes the far famed responsibility of the story. Calanthe endeavours with all a woman's power to dissuade him from this dangerous risk of life, and shake his confidence in his friend's honor. Damon also withstands her entreaties and departs, while his friend remains in prison. His father and wife now unite their solicitations to induce him to fly from his dungeon; and the means of escape are offered him by a stranger (Dionysius in disguise, who doubts and is determined to prove the influence of honorable feeling in these disciples of Pythagoras); but Pythias is proof against their solicitations. Damon arrives at his country villa, confides the secret of his approaching death to his faithful freedman, who determines to save his master. The interview of Damon with his wife and child exposes his firmness to a severe trial; but he rushes from their presence, and then learns from their freedman that he had slain his steed. Damon seizes the servant in the determination to destroy him, and then die, if he cannot redeem his word and rescue his friend. At Syracuse all is dismay: the hour of execution approaches, and Damon is not returned. Pythias is led forth. A scene of well-imagined interest elapses, passed in agony by Calanthe, and gallant resignation, and some doubt of his friend's punctuality by Pythias. At the moment preceding the execution, a horseman is seen rushing, coming in full run towards Syracuse. He bounds from a flying steed, springs forward to claim his place on the scaffold, and sinks exhausted with the superhuman toil of his fleet career. Dionysius is struck by this high display of virtue and friendship, pardons Damon,

and promises amendment in his own person. We have said that the morality is common-place; and we are sure that even in this corrupted age and city, there are many thousands who would lay down their lives to preserve an inviolate honor, or save a friend from meeting the destruction which was their part to encounter. We must enter a protest against the portrait of the Greek females. Hermion and Calanthe would willingly counsel the utmost villany to save their husbands, dishonored by such very salvation; but we have higher record of the dignity of Greek feminine feeling. There is here nothing of the matron who could tell her son to "retire with or on his shield." These characters are not of this genuine strain, nor of the true stamp of classical elevation for tragedy. When has the heart of man been unmoved, and female honor faltered! The poet, far from paying a compliment to the sex, has not done them justice. We cannot sympathize with their regrets, nor give their wishes one of our own. The last introduction of Damon, and in the moment of his redeemed honor and preparation for death, there is an ostentation of honor, and an avidity of fame for what it would have been infamous to have hesitated in doing. He styles the scaffold his throne, calls on Dionysius to behold his regal glory eclipsed by the greater splendor of his private sacrifice, seeks the suffrage of the Syracusans, and leading himself the rabble about, calls for their acclamations. It would have been easy to have given more active denouement to the piece, by making the freedman head and succeed in an insurrection at the moment when Dionysius had pardoned Damon, who might in turn save the life of Dionysius; Hermion and Calanthe might have then been more interesting. And the Grecian female at the head of her friends and slaves, might have stood beside her of modern Spain.

On the performance we might expatiate, had we room for detailed panegyric; but we can only find place for a very brief summary. C. Kemble looked a noble Greek, and sustained his part (Pythias), as he always does, with perfect effect and great energy, where energy was appropriate. Marcellus, as Damon, was in the highest degree impressive. His last scenes with Hermione, with his freedman, and with his friend at the scaffold, formed as near an approach as we ever saw to tragic perfection. The last, when he rushes on, is terrific and sublime. We could wish that he gave the end the aid of contrast, by being a little more subdued in the beginning; particularly in the scene with Pythias and Calanthe, and in that of the senate. Abbott was excellent in the tyrant: he seems to have looked to Grecian action and costume with a very judicious eye. Of the ladies, we are sorry to have little to say in commendation. Miss Foote was interesting, and Miss Dance not at all to our taste. The scenery fine.

VARIETIES.

A singular circumstance occurred at Swinhead in the afternoon of Sunday last,

During a violent storm of thunder and lightning, a goose, the property of Mr. Harrison, farmer, of that place, was struck dead by the lightning; she had at the time gathered her brood of young ones under her wings, which proved so effectual a protection, that although the old bird was killed upon the spot, the young ones did not receive the slightest injury.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

DEATH OF MR. STOTHARD, JUN.

A black and melancholy seal has been put upon the record of this excellent artist, in our present number. We have just received (Friday evening) intelligence of his death! Pursuing his professional avocations with his accustomed ardour, in copying a window of the church of Bere, in Devonshire, the step of the ladder on which he stood unfortunately gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground: dreadful to relate, though only from a height of about ten feet, his skull was fractured, and he died upon the spot. His afflicted father has, we learn, set off for Bere Parsonage, where the corpse of his son lies. Under the circumstances seen in our preceding pages, we have felt a shock as if a dear friend had been thus suddenly lost. We would cancel what we have said, but it is too late; and we can only express our perfect conviction that Mr. Dibdin never entertained the idea of injuring Mr. Stothard, but wrote of him a little unadvisedly in the manner which provoked, perhaps, too much of our resentment. Indeed we are sorry we have been so severe, since we must be convinced no ill was meant.

THE TERPÉDON.—A musical instrument of an entirely novel description, has lately arrived in London. The instrument has excited a high degree of interest on the continent; and the inventor, Mr. Buschmann, has obtained the most flattering testimonials of approbation from many celebrated musical characters in Germany; and it is represented to us by those who have heard it in this country, as being a very delightful instrument, combining the sweetness of the flute and clarionet with the energy of the horn and bassoon, and yielding a full and rich harmony, resembling an orchestra of wind instruments. This surprising effect is said to be produced by the most simple combination of a range of wooden staves!

NEGRO PORTRAY.—The well-known propensity of the slaves in the West Indies to make verses on all subjects, has been often noticed. The following couplet has amused us by its whimsical non-sequitur. Mr. Martin, a favourite with the black population, had lost 600*l.* on a horse-race; the animals together not being worth, perhaps, one-fifth of that sum; and upon this, the African bard wrote—

"Massa Martin, Massa Martin, me sorry for your loss!

But five hundred pounds would have bought a better horse."

The celebrated Camille Jordan died, and was buried at Paris, a fortnight ago.

Blackwood's Magazine says, "We are happy to inform our readers that the title of the new work, by the "Great Unknown," now in the press, is, "The Pirate;" and the scene is Shetland, about the end of the seventeenth century.

Literal copy of a board, affixed to the pales of a small field, at the end of Osna-burg Street, Regent's Park:—"Whoso Ever Trasspass in this Park—Hither Cricket or Trapball, or any such, Deperdation, Will be Prosecuted according to Law."

ANTIQUITIES.

A letter in the Oxford Herald, alluding to the discoveries of Roman antiquities made at Castor, near Peterborough, and supposed to be the true situation of the ancient Durobre-væ, says—The site of the Roman town or city of that name, spoken of in the Itinerary of Antoninus, has been differently laid down by almost every subsequent topographical writer on the subject, some placing it on the right and others on the left bank of the river Vene. Camden, Bridges, and Morton, severally notice it, and have assigned it to the different stations of Castor, Water Newton, and a spot answering to what is at present known by the name of the Castles, on the right bank of the river below Chesterton in Huntingdonshire.—Whether the city ever extended so far as to include all those places, it is probably now too late to determine; but from the discoveries lately made, no doubt can be entertained that an important part of it stood upon the ground now occupied by the village of Castor; it is probable that here stood the Prætorium, or residence of the principal officer, as the beautiful pavement composing the floor of some of the apartments laid open by Mr. Artis, may naturally lead us to infer; and it does not appear that pavements of a like description have ever been discovered at any of the other places above mentioned. In an historical point of view, these discoveries, if encouraged and prosecuted, may lead to important results—first, with regard to the Prætorium; second, the Turris Exploratoria, which Morton conjectures to have been placed on Mill-Hill; and third, the regular Fort, on the right bank of the river below Chesterton. It is highly desirable that a part of the public money, voted to the support of the British Museum, was laid out in the purchase of these interesting antiquities, which connect the history of England with that of that warlike people.

Another Demand on the Royal Society of London, for 20,000*l.*

A Mr. Leinberger, an ingenious machine-maker, at Nuremberg, asserts that he has solved the problem of giving an horizontal direction to the air balloon, and he offers to set out on his ærostatic voyage from Nuremberg to London, as soon as the Royal Academy of Sciences (the Royal Society) will engage to pay him on his arrival in London the reward of 20,000*l.* sterling, which it has offered for this discovery.

• Has the Royal Society ever promised any such reward?—Ed.

Batavia, 17th November.

Proclamation of the Sultan of Sourabaya.

On the 31st of October, the Pangerang Adipatie Anom Hamangkoe Negoro, who had been previously proclaimed Soesoehoe-nan (Sultan) was solemnly confirmed in that dignity, by the name Soesoehoe-nan Pakoboe-roono Senopatti Ingologo Abdul Rachman Sahidin Panotogomo the fifth. The firing of salutes followed, and his Highness, to conclude the ceremonies, invited the three Dutch commissioners to a collation, after having first witnessed a combat between a tiger and a buffalo.

A more extensive knowledge of the Malay language among the European population of the colony would be in every respect desirable and advantageous. Several learned Dutchmen, who formerly resided in these parts, endeavoured to promote this end; and the translation of the whole Bible into the Malay tongue is a striking proof of their zeal. Many circumstances have hindered the labours of those literati from producing such extensive benefit as might have been wished. The want of a dictionary of the Dutch and Malay, and of the Malay and Dutch languages, has been long sensibly felt. Some valuable works have, it is true, been published; but they are now scarce, and must, besides, be considered as first essays, meritorious indeed, but far short of the perfection required.

The late Rev. Mr. Zommerdik of Batavia, has left a valuable manuscript of a Malay and Dutch dictionary, now in possession of the government, which, considering the present moment as favourable to the accomplishment of the work, has appointed commissioners to compile a complete Malay Dutch, and Dutch Malay dictionary. The MS. of Mr. Zommerdyk is to be the basis; and the commissioners will have at their disposal, an immense mass of valuable materials, collected by other learned men, as well as all the native and other MSS. in the archives and in the collection of the Batavian Society.

Singular Story.—A widow lady residing at Ghénis, near Lyons, being possessed of considerable property, promised to make her will in favour of one of her nieces, who lived with her. The aunt, however, died without accomplishing her design, and the young lady undertook to execute the will herself. Having retired to bed, in a suitable disguise, she sent for a notary, to whom with a feeble faltering voice she dictated the supposed testament. Unfortunately one of the witnesses brought by the notary discovered the trick. The girl could not endure the thought of the disgraceful punishment that awaited her: vexation and disappointment produced so powerful an impression on her mind, that she expired almost immediately, and was buried at the same time with her aunt.

Wolves.—Accounts from Stockholm mention that great terror has been excited among the inhabitants of Gefle, a small town in the province of Gestrikland, by the appearance of a vast number of wolves. These ferocious animals have devoured a young girl 19 years of age, and several children.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Publics shall be inserted.
Numerous correspondents to whom we have written private answers, that we may not crowd our pages with partial matter, shall have letters by Monday.—L. J. requires polishing: the thoughts are good.—We have not seen the work mentioned by a "French Teacher."
We believe that

We believe the information respecting the artists at Rome, was in the Literary Gazette, and in last year's volume; but we cannot find time to hunt it out, which we would cheerfully do to oblige our correspondent.

"Veritate Amicus" cannot be inserted. An anonymous contradiction to a real signature, is inadmissible.

pressure of matter obliges us to postpone several interesting extracts, announced from Porter's Travels; and the miscarriage of a letter obliges us to apologise for delaying till another week the history of Queen Mary's Ring.

ERRATA.—At the commencement of the first review, in our last Number, for Thomas Froggnall, Dublin, read Thomas Froggnall Dibdin.

Higginell

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